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"Our Company"

By Two Bucks

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“Up There”

Perhaps those two short words
Don't sound like much to you;
But they are the entire volume,
Of what you have been thru.

They tell of Chateau-Thierry and the Yelse,
And many a brave and daring tale
Of the Argonne, that terrible hell;
Where so many of our brave comrades fell.

They fell for a cause that was just and true,
And to them a heavy tribute is due;
May God rest their souls in our silent prayer,
For those who gave their all—
“Up There.”



This volume is dedicated to the memory of “Our Buddies”
who gave their all “Up There”.

In Commemoration of the Valor, Fortitude and Heroism of the Officers and Men of "Our Company" displayed on the battlefields of France, and that their deeds may not be forgotten in the years to come, this volume is presented to my comrades who witnessed the great achievements in the struggle for liberty.

Captain Barclay McFadden
Company A. 308th Infantry



JOHN WESLEY ADAMS
"A Buck"

Preface

The names and addresses in this book you'll find
Of comrades and heroes, and the verses we've rhymed;
Pick it up sometimes, and turn over a page
It will keep you young as you grow old with age.

Again it brings back the shots and the thrills
Of the long forced marches, the packs and the drills;
And of how these brave boys fought their way thru hell,
Then perhaps "another story" of France you can tell.

By the "Two Bucks"



"Back Private" McCORM

Drafted

For the army mobilizing
 When the Draft was only new,
Then the boards were supervising
 Selected men, to parley-voo.

Now a soldier for my country,
 And truly mustered in,
I could feel the thrill of battle
 And was anxious to begin.

As the next thing on the program,
 We were marched behind the band,
With many thousands cheering,
 We were in the Army Grand.

We paraded to the station,
 Then we traveled night and day,
They had the M. P.'s there to meet us,
 Just to guide us on our way.

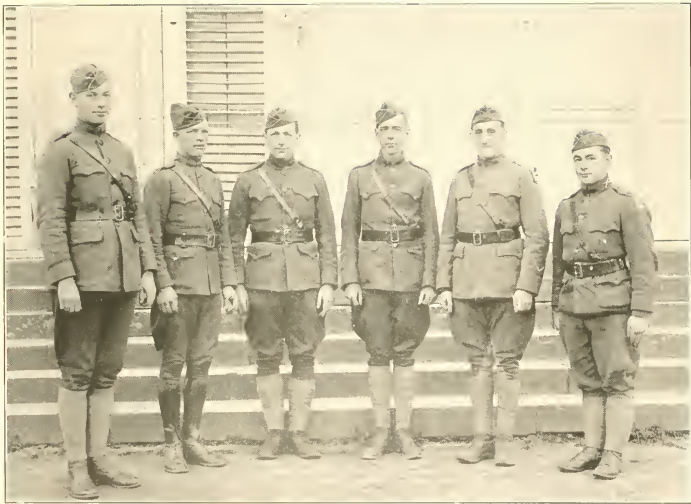
After much extensive training
 With the bayonet and gun,
We were ready for the taming
 Of the Turks or mighty Hun.

Now we waited transportation,
 And at last we had a chance,
But its no exaggeration
 When I say, "in rainy France."

Take for instance Chateau Thierry
 Where the Hun divisions fell,
For they met the U. S. draft boy,
 Wait for history, it will tell.

For the armistice they begged us,
 With our terms they must comply,
Land of Freedom, Peace, and Justice,
 Hoist Old Glory way up high.

—Private John Wesley Adams.



OUR OFFICERS

Our Officers

They are small, and they are tall,
And they always wear a grin,
And whatever game we're playing
They are always in to win.

Now you take Lt. Morgan,
With his neat and nobby form,
You want to watch out when on guard,
For he comes up like a storm.

Then take our little fighting Hope,
With his everlasting grin,
It's a good thing that the Kaiser quit,
Or he'd went on to Berlin.

Now there is our young Lt. Hess,
And at baseball he's a whiz,
Even to courting young mademoiselles,
As a soldier he knows his biz.

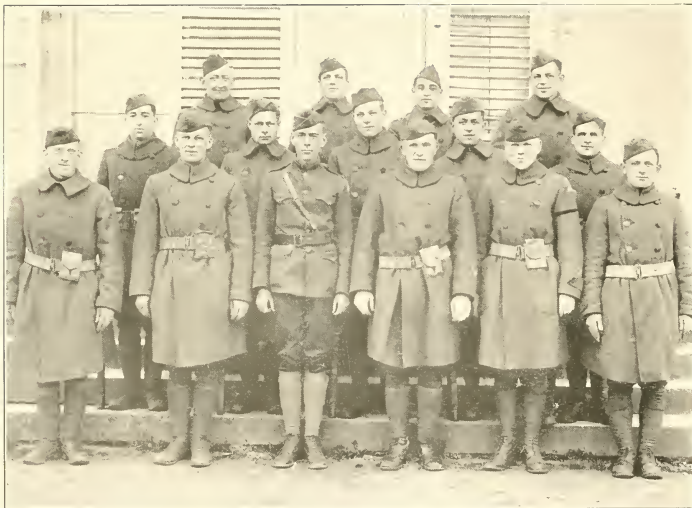
Lt. Girolomo is next in line,
And every inch a soldier;
We'll remember his smile a good long
while;
May it improve as he grows older.

Then comes Lt. Griffin,
He sticks just like a scar,
If you don't know how to do things right,
He'll read you the I. D. R.

We are now to our good old Captain,
McFadden is his name;
He's a man you can depend upon,
As he always plays the game.

And now the spell is over
And we are going to close,
They're a damn good bunch of fellows--
Just ask the bunch who knows.

--Private John Burns.



HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

Headquarters Detachment

PVT. JOHN WALLACE

349 E. 85th St., New York City, N. Y.

When John got paid in France 'twas said,
He'd get stewed quick then "knock 'em dead."

CORP. FRANK ALLEN

Marcellus Falls, N. Y.

Frank Allen was our company clerk,
His duty he would never shirk.
And the only mistake he ever made
Was to figure you short when you were paid.

LT. MAURICE V. GRIFFIN,

928 Detroit St., Denver, Colo.

A military "nut" was he,
And famous near and far,
For knowing a book from cover to cover,
That's known as the I. D. R.

FIRST SGT. JAMES DISKIN

Chatham, N. Y.

It seems a shame to have to write
Words that will rhyme with "top;"
For if one started telling tales,
They'd never know when to stop.

A "top" must be real dignified,

And never go out on a lark.

Must hold reveille at six A. M.
That you may "fall in" in the dark.

He must also make you drill,

No matter how him you feel;

And if the company's short of wood,
He must make you go out an' steal

So to my way of thinkin',

A "top" was out of luck;

And would have had more peace of mind,
If he had stayed a "buck."

SUPPLY SGT. FRANK O'LEARY

929 Peace St., Pelham, N. Y.

Now if a blouse you needed,
Say 'twas a size numbering nine,
He'd hand you a number four or five,
And say that it would fit you fine.

BUGLER SOLOMON EPPLER

1644 1st Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Some day they'll get the bugler,
As I've often heard them say;
But they'll never get old Solly,
For he's bound for the U. S. A.

MECHANIC JAMES CHAPMAN

121 Powers St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now James was our company mechanic,
And sure was a bear for work;
But when it came to reveille
Invariably he would shirk.

Headquarters Detachment - Continued

RUNNER EARL A. DENNISON

45 Crandall St., Westfield, N. Y.
A quiet sort of chap was he,
Liked his hardtack and also tea;
He lived in a sortava quiet mood,
That he was married is understood.

RUNNER ELMER LILLESKOV

Madison, Minn.
Now when Elmer took an order
You'd see a cloud of dust;
For promotion he was screeching,
And he'd get there or he'd bust.

PVT. JOSEPH CHIRICHELLA

89 Mulberry St., New York City, N. Y.
As an assistant supply sergeant,
Joe was a bear;
He was a real tough bird,
For I've heard him swear.

RUNNER PVT. JAMES MURRAY

92 East End Ave., New York City, N. Y.
Little Jimmy Murray was an awful runt,
And as our company runner,
Pulled many a funny stunt.

MECHANIC WALTER ROGERS

125 E. 93d St., New York City, N. Y.
At slinging the bull,
He sure was good,
And how he got to be a mechanic
No one ever understood.

MECHANIC ALBERT GEORGE

229 Nassau St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Now if your watch was on the bum,
And your gun was full of rust,
Al George would come a-running,
Like hell he would or bust.

RUNNER LOUIS SANTAMASINO

12 Dominick St., New York City, N. Y.
Now Louie was a runner,
Always busy—like a bee.
And even ran in the mess line
Just to get ahead of me.

CORP. ORIE LA CROIX

322 Wilnot Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
La Croix was the boy who understood
French in any old stage,
And even some of the school mesdames
Thot Orie was quite the rage.

To help you quickly place your friend,
The names follow photos from beginning to end.

That Hike

Hey, Fellows!

Remember the time

The Kaiz' got wise

And took to the Rhine?

Well, we were at Rancourt,

Waitin' returns -

And on the eleventh of November

The war adjourns.

Then gladly we mounted

Our packs on our back,

And with a song in our hearts

We started back.

Only to be stopped

At Ouches next day,

And told to go up to Mouzon;

Which was the other way.

Well, we done our five days' guard,

In the cold "Up There,"

And we'll never forget our billet.

The Church in the square.

Then came a rush order,

"Roll packs right away."

As we'd parade in New York

On Christmas Day.

So for six days we hiked

Till we came to Floren'.

And I guess you remember,

We were damn near all in.

But we were going home

So we didn't give a rap,

As we had been to the Front

And were used to that.

That Hike Continued

But when we got deloused—

Oh, Boy! how we swore—

For they hiked us to Les Isalets,

Which was twelve kilos, or more.

Then early and bright

The very next day,

We continued "That Hike"

On to "Broadway."

Well, for nine days we hiked

Up and down hills,

Till finally we landed

In Pointlerville.

Why grumble now?

You know it's all over,

And no doubt you're back home

In the land of clover.

So whenever you think

That things are going tough,

Just remember "THAT HIKE" boys.

"THAT'S ENOUGH."

Our Captain

Now Captain McFadden whom we knew so
well,

When drilling us would give us hell,

He'd always want things done with a snap,

And never would stand for us shootin'
crap.

Now on "That Hike" we know it's true,

He hiked along with me and you,

But while in Sable he wouldn't hike,

Just as long as he could borrow some
"Frog's" bike.

Now when "Homeward Bound" I'm sorry
to say,

We didn't see him one single day,

Dame Rumor had it that some young
nurse,

Had stolen his heart for better or worse.

"Now, Captain," if reports like that are
true.

The "Bucks" all send regards to you,

For tho at times you'd rave and cuss,

We can't forget you were one of us.

—*"Buck Private" McCollum.*

Coyniac Alley

Now this "Coyniac Alley"^o
Was the Sergeants' Retreat;
It was some hot place
And hard to beat.

It was located in a village
That was named Pointlerville;
And there the Sergeants lived
Behind the "Gin Mill."

If this "Sergeants' Retreat"
You desired to enter;
You'd stroll down the alley
Near the Cafe Des Center.

All were welcome
In this hole in the wall;
Only you had to keep buying,
Or they'd say "Cut the Stall."

Then our Frank Gambarella
Would beat it away;
And bring back Gilmartin,
With some beer on a tray.

Then Driscoll would start singing,
"Well I ain't got weary yet;"
And Davis would start growling,
We're "Alabama Bound," you bet!

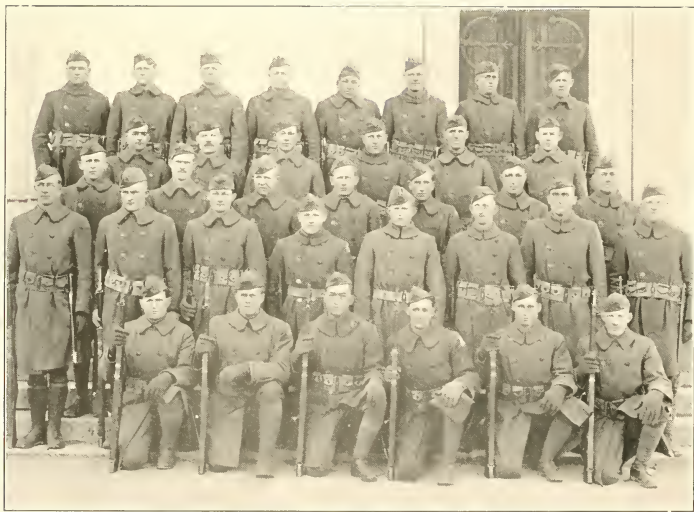
An' with the aid of "Ol' Brown Mule,"
Mauser, Meyers and our Rech-el;
Would mimic the farmers of I-O-WA,
And give poor Sergeant Ford hell.
Then in would stroll Johnson and
Anderson,

The noblest of all Irish Swedes;
And start to playing pinochle,
While Janitor Ells took care of our
needs.

Then "Society Slim Randall" would recite,
"The Shooting of Dan McGrew;"
An' we'd all take a drink to his health,
And proceed to continue the stew.

Now many a queer tale
Could be told of the place;
But I'd better quit now,
Or the whole bunch I'll disgrace.

"Buck Private" McCollum.



THE FIRST PLATOON

The First Platoon

PVT. JOHN BRANT

North Powder, Oregon.

Big John Brant from Oregon, a man we all
know well,

For he drank up barrels of coyniac and raised
particular hell.

PVT. ERHARD LISELL

Mahung, Minn.

Hard as nails and full of pep,

But on a march always out of step.

PVT. ERNEST W. DEMMA

Glasgow, Missouri.

He was a quiet sortava duck,

And our company mystery.

He came from old Missouri,

The land of "Why show me?"

PVT. FRANK JOHNSON

PVT. ORVIL JOHNSON

Bagley, Iowa.

Now these two brothers we'll place together,

For they stuck like glue in all sorts of weather;

If one was sober the other was, too;

But nine times out of ten they were both on a
stew.

PVT. ARCHIE FREDRICKSON

Wellington, Kansas.

The boy from Kansas, "the land of wheat,"

At ducking details was hard to beat.

PVT. WILLIAM S. LEWIS

Allard, Montana.

Here is a bird who always had dough,

He looked mighty sleepy but sure wasn't slow.

PVT. GEORGE DALTON

Copper Hills, Tenn.

George comes from a village called Copper
Hills.

Which is far from France and our C. C. pills.

PVT. MAJOR COLLINS

Jesup, Ga.

How in hell they named him Major is more
than I can see,

For he is a rear rank "buck" in squad one
hundred and three.

SGT. RALPH W. PHELPS

Walker, Iowa. Route No. 2.

Ralph was a quiet sortava lad,

Never threw bull or never got mad.

He was as sweet as some angel divine,

Except when lit up with the Froggies' poor
wine.

Perhaps some more of his stunts I could tell,
But what the 'll, Bill, what the 'll.

First Platoon— Continued

SGT. FORNEY B. MINTZ

Ash, N. C.

Now Forney as a soldier was very brave and
bold,

But about his M. P. battles— another tale could
be told.

SGT. CHARLES GILMARTIN

Islip, N. Y.

No matter where you'd meet Gil,

And whether night or day,

He'd always borrow a franc or two,

And say, "What a beautiful day."

CORP. GEORGE E. CONNELL

Grundy Center, Iowa.

A swell dame one day took George by the arm,
And George never let on he was down from the
farm.

But with a faraway look in his manly eyes,
He kidded her on with Iowa lies.

PVT. JACOB JACOBSON

Coeur D'Alene, Idaho. Care John Line.

When it comes to gargling English,

I'm here to tell

That Jake was the boy

That could sure give it hell.

PVT. CASE HAILBECK

Pipestone, Minn.

We've heard of this fellow, but to tell you the
truth,

We never knew he was married until we met
Ruth.

PVT. WILLIE CREEL

307 Edna St., Hattiesburg, Miss.

Willie was a boxer, but knew not the art
Of whipping vin rouge before he'd start.

PVT. GEORGE JOHNSON

Hector, Minn.

Now George was a member of the order called
"The Buck,"

Never late for reveille, but always out of luck.

PVT. CLAY E. JOLLY

Martin, Tenn.

Clay E. Jolly was a merry old scout,

But when it came to women—
Oh! Boy!—Look out!

PVT. WILLIAM E. WOODS

Bisbee, Arizona.

The shows he put on while with us in France,
Would even make an Apache dance.

PVT. JERRY L. CRONIN

Lemars, Iowa.

He doesn't care for the bars in Lemars,
For he is champion of our mess line stars.

First Platoon Continued

PVT. JUDSON GILRATH

Walker County, Georgia

I tried many times his address to get,

And this is what I found:

His home it covers a county,

Of good old southern ground.

PVT. JAMES FOUCHIE

Atlanta, Texas.

Fouche as a doughboy sure was a scream,

For to be our barber was his life's sweetest dream.

PVT. WARIL SIVKEN

282 Tappen St., Kearny, N. J.

He got in the army by a terrible mistake;

A bird faked his name, and his place he did take.

PVT. ALFRED CLARK

Grandlame, Texas.

When Al gets home, they'll hold a grand shine,

And show the old boy a hell of a time.

PVT. WILLIE GREEN

Angusta, Arkansas.

Now Willie lived in Ar-kan-saw,

Used to drive mules with a Hee and a Haw.

But he's a changed man now since landing in France;

He never drives mules and does nothing but dance.

PVT. AXEL D. JENSEN

Storten, Minn.

We never heard a man before;

Like Alex in his slumber.

For when he started in to snore

It sounded just like thunder.

PVT. FRANCIS McGINNIS

331 Central St., Watertown, N. Y.

Me was as Scotch as Black and White,

He sure was a corker when out late at night

PVT. ROBERT COLUMBO

Montrose, Colo.

Columbo was the hoping kid,

Wishing for home was all that he did.

PVT. JAKE LOVELACE

Intake, Montana.

Now in our regimental sports

Jake he was a bear,

He lost the high-jump for us

By kicking the pole in the air.

PVT. SAMUEL D. COX

Bastias, La.

Now Louisiana has turned out some noble men,
we know,

But never such a crap shooter as Sam, who got
our dough.

First Platoon Continued

PVT. HENRY P. QUAM

Wolf Point, Mont.

Wild and wooly was this boy from the West,
When reeking Gin Mills he was at his best.

PVT. ROLLONA LITTLE ELK

Ft. Thompson, S. Dak.

Chlorinating water was Little Elk's line,
And the way he used to dope it
Made it anything but fine.

PVT. ALEX J. LENTZ

Walling, Texas.

Here's to Lentz from Walling,
And the Texas plains he knew;
He liked that drink called vin rouge
And got on many a stew.

PVT. ANTHONY SCHLOESSER

Revillo, S. Dak.

Revillo! Revillo! Where have I heard that
name?
Ah, yes! 'twas our old Anthony that brought
the town it's fame.

"Bully Beef"

I love my Canned Bill, I never knew

How good that stuff could taste in stew;
I love it hot, I love it cold,
Corned Willie never will grow old.

You walk into the kitchen

When you're thru a hard morning's drill,
And you get your old mess kit
Filled up with old corn "Bill."

It drives away your troubles.

And tho' you're far across the sea,
It's the thing that licked the Kaiser
In our fight for Liberty.

Tho' they call it our iron rations

And we carry it for miles,
It's always with you when you're hungry
And fills your face with smiles.

It has been through many a battle.

And on top it would always be,
And I don't see whatever keeps them
From giving Bill a D. S. C.

- Private John Burns.

An Irish Soldier's Dream

Paddy stood at the gates of Heaven,

But only in a dream,

With his trusty on his shoulder,

His face with smiles agleam.

As he gazed at that beautiful ladder,

With its steps reaching out into space,

When the guard gave him, "Halt," Paddy
trembled,

And the smiles disappeared from his
face.

"Fall out and rest, there's no gin mills,

Just keep one foot in place,"

And the guard he spoke with authority,

And started Pat's record to trace.

Now first he asked for his dog tags,

And, "Were you deloused today?"

But the guard found him still in good order,

For Pat was from Company A.

Now Pat had several days fasted,

As doughboys do on the line,

And he roared at his would be guardian,

"Let's chow, sure it must be time."

Then Paddy grew weak from hunger,

And fell at his guardian's feet.

As he seemed to hear a bugle,

It was reveille, mess or retreat.

But before the call had ended

Poor Pat had fell from the sky,

On the floor of his billet he landed.

"First call! Come boys! Up High!

Private John Wesley Adams.



THE SECOND PLATOON

The Second Platoon

PVT. GEORGE CANTRELL.

Blueridge, Texas.

George came from a ridge that was very blue,
And while in France was on many a stew.

PVT. GROVER CRAWFORD

Harfield, Arkansas.

While Grover was over in a place called France,
He let booze alone and never took a chance.

CORP. DAN GALLAGHER

33 Simmons St., Newport, R. I.

Now Dan was an orator brave and bold,
And many a tale of the war he told;
The Dutchmen he would slam and damn,
And for that we named him "Argonne Dan."

PVT. JOHN G. HOLLINGSWORTH

Newton, Miss. Route No. 4.

He's one of two brothers from 'way down South,
And knows the meaning of that word drouth;
He's a cotton picker as you all know,
An' awful tight with his hard earned dough.

PVT. DOMINCO MARLEY

Blenco, Iowa.

Marley is from the land of barley,
And a town in Iowa,
He was one of Ireland's own,
But still he looked like a jay.

PVT. WM. SCHIESLER

South St. Paul, Minn. Care Gen. Del.

Now Bill was always S. O. L.,
But what the 'ell, Bill, what the 'ell.

PVT. CLAUDE W. MARSHALL

Emice, New Mexico.

Now Claude one day was stewed in ranks,
And failed to close the bolt;
He called us all a bunch of cranks,
For which he done a jolt.

PVT. AUGUST JOHNSON

Stratford, Iowa.

The "top" said, "August, you fall out,
For you are full of beer."
But August said, "It can't be done;
So Ay tank Ay sehtay raight here!"

PVT. JOHN WESLEY ADAMS

Elk Creek, California.

Now he's the poet who also wrote,
This junk you're reading to get your goat.

PVT. PATRICK SULLIVAN

184 Franklin St., New York City, N. Y.

Now one day in the mess line,
Pat sneaked ahead of me;
Always there for seconds --
A hungry boy was he.

Second Platoon—Continued

SGT. OLIVER RANDALL

BARNARD, N. C.

"Society Slim" was very well known,
Was long and lean and traveled alone;
And if you found him on a stew,
He'd recite the "Shooting of Dan McGrew."

SGT. PHILIP RECHEL

141 St. Annis Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C., N. Y.

At drilling platoons he sure was a bear,
But when it came to ladies old Phil was never
there.

LT. PHILANDER M. GIROLAMO

1636 Pilgrim Ave., New York City, N. Y.

He was in charge of the second platoon,
And was also the boss of our show;
He said to get funds from our Major,
"Was the toughest thing I know."

SGT. EDWARD SHEA

1014 Jackson Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Now Ed was as quiet as a country mouse,
And you'd never think he owned a house;
And the secret never was disclosed,
Until the inspector deloused his clothes.

SGT. ED. LA DUKE

37 W. 3rd St., New Albany, Ind.

Did we know this bird? Well, I say yes;
'Twas on account of his feet and you know the
rest.

PVT. ENOCK CHRISTENSON

62 W. 66th St., New York City, N. Y.

'Twas always gimme, gimme,
With his hand held out for more;
Just lending things to Christensen,
Would make an angel sore.

PVT. HARRY ALLEN

Freewater, Oregon

I never knew a soldier,
Who could drink more than this bird;
And the things he said when he was stewed,
Were really quite absurd.

PVT. HUGH E. HAGAN

Ruthven, Iowa. Route No. 3.

To make a rhyme about this bun,
Is mighty hard, you see;
For he was never 'round at mess time,
But on the hunt for 'skee.

Second Platoon Continued

CORP. THOMAS MANNING

Hartsdale, N. Y.

He used to chew tobacco,

And he'd spit most any place;

And if you failed to watch your step,

It would land upon your face.

PVT. WILLIAM WILSON

505 9th St., Greeley, Colorado.

A name of fame is Will's last name.

But as a spud eatin' fool Bill gained his fame.

PVT. EDWARD HARRIGAN

1577 Clarkson Ave., Denver, Colorado.

Would you believe me if I was to say

That Ed's an embalmer from out Denver way?

PVT. GROVER C. FLEMING

Bethpage, Tennessee.

Now Grover is from Tennessee,

And loved his army beans,

He couldn't do "port arms" so well,

But was hell on diggin' latrines.

PVT. JACOB C. HOLLINGSWORTH

Newton, Miss. Route No. 4.

No mustache adorns his lovely face,

As he lost it in our mess hall race.

PVT. ANTHONY HEDUCK

East Pepperell, Mass.

One thing always puzzled me,

And I wish he'd explain this feat—

How he had beaucoup mashed potatoes,

And not a thing to eat.

PVT. THOMAS DINES

720 Mill Ave., Tempe, Arizona.

When Tommy lost his old time job,

He enlisted in the Army's mob,

He said to do it was a sin,

And then he'd wished he was out again.

PVT. CARL BLOOMQUIST

Ouray, Colorado.

Carl would let out a snarl,

When in France he'd get his pay,

But he was smiles from ear to ear,

The day we sailed away.

Second Platoon—Continued

PVT. OTTO UTT

Stonington, Colorado.

Utt was the boy that sure could eat,
And always late when they blew retreat;
Never had time for anything,
Except to make a two franc ring.

PVT. LEON MOXLEY

169 Grove St., Gouverneur, N. Y.

Moxley was very quiet,
And drifted gently about;
And even at the drill call,
You'd always find him out.

PVT. HARRY K. WILBER

2609½ Montana Ave., Billings, Montana.

White in the daytime and black at night,
As a minstrel man he was sure a sight;
Never failed to get a laugh,
Then had to stand the officers' gaff.

PVT. JOSEPH HOLAN

Brieclyn, Minn.

Now Joe as you well know,
Was a soldier brave and bold;
Always grumbled about his chow,
And never done what he was told.

PVT. WREN H. HILLIARD

Dover, Tenn. Route No. 4.

Now how in the hell they named him Wren,
Is a mystery to all of us.
For Wren is no bird but a soldier absurd,
And always kicked up a fuss.

PVT. CHARLES WINDLER

109 Devoe St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Care E.

Voorli.

Charles he liked the Army,
But said inspection was a joke.
And thot a sentry walking post,
Should be allowed to smoke.

PVT. OTTO MILKE

Springfield, Minn.

Now this big hick from Springfield,
Was as chummy as he could be;
Walked thru our lines in the Argonne Woods
And landed in Germany.

PVT. MAURICE HOFFMAN

102 Avenue B, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now Maurice had a mighty soft job,
He was our captain's striker and his boots he'd
daub;
His pants he'd press and you know the rest,
He'd fall out then and take a rest.

Second Platoon Continued

PVT. ELVA MASON

Springfield, Colorado.

Mason never was a rum soak,
But an actin' corporal and always broke.

CORP. JOSEPH McGUIRE

110 W. 104th St., New York City, N. Y.

As a private Mac's a soldier;
But as corporal he's a bum;
I'd like to know how he got his stripes,
Because he's always full of rum.

PVT. GEORGE MANSON

344 East 39th St., New York City, N. Y.

Now George must have been a student,
Just learning how to preach;
For as an acting corporal,
He surely was a peach.

PVT. FRED WRIGHT

Shamrock, Texas.

"Seben come eben,"
Is all you'd hear Fred say.
For he was a champion crap shooter,
From down old Texas way.

PVT. HAROLD WORTHINGTON

East Lynne, Connecticut.

Now here is a man from a town well known,
As a play by that name has often been shown.
Perhaps he's a hero, or perhaps he's a king,
But one thing sure he could not sing.

Extras

No photos grace the names that follow,
For they were hiding in some quiet hollow.

PVT. CARL NELSON

Nass, Minn.

Carl raved and talked about the sea,
And when the next war comes along a sailor
he'll be.

PVT. ERNEST LOOS

212 Stuyvesant St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Those discharge papers for Ernie await,
The boy who had the double gait.

PVT. REUBEN B. SCOTT

Siluria, Alabama.

They never made a stronger man
Than old man Scott from Alabam.

PVT. JULE PRUNIERE

54 W. 97th St., New York City, N. Y.

One hundred and one "Jerries" captured "Our
Jewel."
But of the whole darn bunch he made a fool.

PVT. ABNER JOHNSON

1621 E. Court Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

Abner was always howling about the rain,
Until he gave us all a pain.



PARADE IN SABLE, FRANCE

The Parade

In Sable one bright sunny day,
We had a great parade,
"In memory of the French," they say,
To them our tribute we paid.

We marched along the cobblestones,
Up to the great Church door,
Our bands were playing sacred tunes,
Slow march, one, two, three, four.

They lined us up for half a mile,
Two lines to guard their street,
And then the Frogs march by and smile,
As the Yankee boys they meet.

The great procession marches by,
And church hymns now are played,
While we're on guard and wonder why
Their priest was so delayed.

At last they did get started,
But it took the whole half day,
Good old Frogs with smiles departed,
As we played Marseilles, Yankee way.

- Private John Wesley Adams.

Listed Wrong

I've never known a dog to wag
His tail in glee he did not feel,
Nor quit his old time friend to tag,
At some more influential heel.
The yellowest cur I ever knew,
Was, to the boy who loved him, true.
I've never known a dog to fake
Affection for a present gain;
A fake display of love to make,
Some little favor to attain.
I've never know a Prince or Spot,
Who seemed to be what he was not.
But I've known a dog to fight
With all his strength to shield his friend;
And whether wrong or whether right,
To stick with him unto the end.
No dog, however mean or rude,
Is guilty of ingratitude.
The dog is listed with the dumb,
No voice has he to speak his creed;
His messages to human come
By faithful conduct and by deed.
He shows, as seldom mortals do,
That high ideal of being true.

George Manson's Billet

Now in a place named Pointnaville,
Which was a quaint little town,
Was located George Manson's billet.
A place of great renown.
There was fun galore on the billet floor,
With Manson in the lead,
While Wilbur mixed his famous punch,
Which gave them all their speed.
That eventful night we'll not forget,
As all of the squad were there,
They were singing, "We Ain't Got Weary
Yet,"
And, "This Life, It Sure Is a Bear,"
Prezziozi, our Grand Opera Gazuf,
Assisted by Dines, Adams and Roat.
Started in to singing Miller's "Sweetheart"
song,
Which almost got our goats,
Then the door would softly open,
And much to their surprise;
Would be standing "Buck Private"
McCollum,
With a "Gimme a Drink Look" in his
eyes.

Then the party would really get going,
And Wilbur would mix up more punch;
Then the first thing you knew they were all
in a stew,
Yes, every last one in the bunch.
They sang and they danced the whole night
long,
Until it was broad daylight,
And most of them lay just where they fell,
Oh! Boy! It sure was a sight.
Nine o'clock in the morning,
Found most of the squad in bed,
When in walks our noble Captain,
"Now, who is in charge?" he said,
To Demario he spoke in particular,
"Go, get Corporal Manson for me,
And I'll soon find out why there was wine,
And clean up this mystery."
Now from early morn 'till late at night,
Manson and his squad you'll see,
Diggin' the Company's new latrenes,
To clear up the mystery.

—"Buck Private" McCollum.

The Non-Comms Ball

'Twas held in the Cafe Des Amis,
If I remember right,
And there all the non-coms gathered,
In spite of the snowy night.

There were Y. M. C. A. girls from
everywhere,
In charge of Miss Cottrell,
Some were kittenish others quiet,
And some were full of hell.

The regimental orchestra,
Was in its proper place,
And when the non-coms swung their
ladies,
They certainly set some pace.

Then from the stillness of the night,
There came an awful screech,
And the minstrelites arrived in numbers,
Their songs and jokes to teach.

They brought some numbers that were
hummers,
And the crowd they sure did please,
So the wine was passed which they drank
very fast,
But the minstrelites they done "At
Ease."

Then the minstrelites un-camouflaged,
And joined the merry throng,
And soon they too were feeling fine,
As the wine was flowing strong.

Then came the event of the eventful night,
And believe me boy it was sure some
sight,
The lights were turned out, all except one,
And the first thing we knew the "Grand
March" was on.

Non-Comms Ball—Continued

There were shrieks of merry laughter,
And cries of hoarse delight,
As they marched around in circles,
In the dark without a light.

The tables they were groaning,
From the mass of food placed there,
An' you could hear the corks a-popping,
And go flying in the air.

Then one brave Loocy stood aloof,
And started to recite,
A story of the Arctic needs,
And the lure of the Northern Light.

Then in the midst of their jamboree,
Along about five in the morn,
They all were started homeward,
By a bugler's noisy horn.

Now some wonderful tales will be told,
Of our non-coms' ball "Over There,"
And we'll remember it all our lives,
For as a "Ball," it "Sure was a Bear."

—"*Buck Private*" *McCollum*.

Bugle Calls

It's a bugle calls you for reveille,
And a bugle calls you for drills,
The bugle blows for details,
And "sick call" for your pills.

A bugle blows for recall,
And a bugle blows for chow,
They blow one for inspection,
And, "Come to quarters now."

The bugle blows for pay-day,
At retreat there's always two,
A bugle blows for guard mount,
And, "Sound Off" at review.

When taps are blown you go to bed,
All day you have been brave,
But should you die before you wake,
They'll even blow "taps" o'er your grave.

—*Private John Wesley Adams.*

Halt! Who's There?

While standing guard one evening,
The rain came down in a sheet,
I found me a cozy corner
But never intended to sleep.

In spite of my good intentions,
I dozed off into space
And dreamed I was wearing my civies,
Way back in my old home place.

I awoke with a sigh, and was startled,
As I tried to stand on my feet,
I'd forgot where I'd placed my rifle,
When I took my cozy seat.

Now the captain stands before me,
He was officer of the day,
Gee whiz! how he bawled me for sleeping,
I'll never forget the day.

My name and post number he wanted,
And General Orders too,
By the counts he gave me the manual,
In the morning at half past two.

Now next time I'm going to fool him,
Right on him I will pounce,
I'll give him, "Halt! Who's there. Stand
still!"
Now *you* mark time by the counts."

Cooties

When you're standing at attention,
And the cooties duck below;
Just the way they come for seconds,
Ain't it Hell?— well, I'll say so!
In the lines the boys were diggin'
With their shovels to get in;
While the "Cootie" rigged his digger
With his rig for digging in.
At the Front the Majors had 'em,
Every Captain raised his share;
But there sure was Hell a-poppin'
When a "Buck" had one to spare.
Now every nation has them,
The great ones and the small;
But for "Fame" and "Naughty" cooties,
Rainy France, she leads them all.

Private John Wesley Adams.



"LOST BATTALION" PLAYERS

Our Show Bunkem

You'll have to hurry, hurry, hurry,
To see the sights within;
As the curtain started raising,
Speiler Holcomb would begin.

See Jack in the Box the human worm,
Crawl thru the eye of a needle,
And hear our officers' quartet
Sing hi-diddle de-diddle de-beedle.

The show is on and in steps Gephard,
Who's doing an act in "Dutch",
And you laugh and roar at gags galore,
That are pulled with the aid of a crutch.

Sweetheart, Sweetheart, Sweetheart,
Is the song that you are hearing,
And Private Miller is a-singing,
In a way that's quite endearing.

Then comes the Georgia Minstrels,
'Tis another terrible hoax,
For the forty some odd members
Are but Wilber and Mac on a box.

Then sister Kane she steps out,
In a little gown of black,
And Gephard helps her dance around,
And nearly breaks his back.

"You're Still an Old Sweetheart of Mine",
Is sung in sweet refrain,
By our famous Bunkem Quartet,
That never will sing again.

Then comes a grand assembly,
For the show is nearly o'er,
And as they sing "Goodnight You Hus-
kies",
All the patrons leave by the door.

—*"Buck Private" McCollum.*

Extras

No photos grace the names that follow,
For they were hiding in some quiet hollow.

PVT. LESTER WEIL

134 Dorchester Rd., Buffalo, N. Y.
First Class Private was Lester's rank,
And about his rifle he sure was a crank.

CORP. THEO. MEYERS

Central Islip, L. I., N. Y.
He twists and squirms like a million worms,
When he tries to loop the loop;
But the best he done, and that's no pun,
Was to crawl thru a 20-foot hoop.

PVT. JOSEPH HOOKER

Coopertown, Okla.
He never had ambition to clean his dirty shoes,
And sold him ammunition just to get a drink
of booze.

PVT. EMIL STYAERT

11 31st St., Argentine, Kansas.
Belgium! Belgium! was his cry,
That's the place for which he'd daily sigh.

PVT. JOSEPH BRYANT

Oyster Bay, L. I., N. Y.
He was for grape juice most the time,
And never saved a single dime.

PVT. JOSEPH NOREYKO

14 Morton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Now Joe would invent those rumors new,
But none of them ever turned out true.

PVT. OMAR DENSON

Spur, Texas.
"Spur me on," said Omar,
In accents loud and clear.
And then he rose from a languid chair,
And killed a bottle of beer.

PVT. LAFAYETTE PETERSON

Glenwood, Seiver County, Utah.
Lafayette from way out west,
Was some soldier and one of the best.

PVT. HERMAN SEIDLER

314 E. 86th St., New York City, N. Y.
Herm was the boy who seen all of France,
As he will gladly tell you when he gets a
chance.

Extras

No photos grace the names that follow,
For they were hiding in some quiet hollow.

PVT. RAY T. MURPHY

Ashland, Oregon.

Now Ray is one of those pals of mine,
That lost his pep on the march to the Rhine.

PVT. GENINO ABBOTT

159 Lawrence St., Lawrence, N. Y.

Now Abbott was our pastry cook,
He made our pies and cake.
But nearly killed our gallant boys,
With the biscuits that he'd make.

PVT. HERBERT FITZPATRICK

Scotville, N. Y. Box 68.

"The war is over, now," he said,
"I cannot salute this guy."
And as the terms of peace were read,
He let them all go by.

PVT. SALVADORE CARDILLE

3 Mulberry St., New York City, N. Y.

No one in our room could ever sleep
When Cardillo decided to wash his feet.

PVT. MICHAEL DI PRIMO

908 E. 14th St., New York City, N. Y.

Di Primo grew up among tall buildings and
such,
But as a soldier never amounted to much.

CORP. ROBERT MAY

Centerville, Iowa.

Bob knew his I. D. R., whether open or shut,
As he was our non-com-military nut.

PVT. PASQUALLE LA BLANCO

30 Hamilton Square, N. Y. C., N. Y.

Booch-e-ga-loop was La Blanes' right name,
And shouting for the movies brought him his
fame.

PVT. WILLIAM C. SMITH

166 W. 107th St., New York City, N. Y.

A bass solo Bill would sing,
About the seas and the deep;
It surely was a horrible mess,
And put us all to sleep.

Extras

No photos grace the names that follow,
For they were hiding in some quiet hollow.

PVT. WILLIAM SHERMAN
787 Dawson St., New York City, N. Y.
Sherman said that "war was hell,"
But ask our Sherman now,
And this is what he'll tell you,
"That word hell falls short, somehow."

PVT. WILLIE LINDSAY
Cuthbert, Ga.
Now Willie was a soldier,
From 'way down Sunny South;
He used to cuss the rain in France,
And pray for an old-time drouth.

SGT. ALBERT FORD
Boone, Iowa.
Al left the old home and mother,
And kissed the firm mule goodbye.
And now he mopes around "Rainy France"
And often wonders why.

CORP. FRED STEINBRUNNER
300 W. 142d St., New York City, N. Y.
To the Personnel Department in France he was
sent,
And that's where most of his time was spent.
A hundred mistakes he made every day,
But he never gave even a rumor away.

CHAPLAIN JOHN R. WILLIAMS
Martin, Georgia.

On Sunday morn he would require,
Our presence in his goodly choir,
And there we sat and listened well,
To the Christian stories he would tell.

PVT. OBERT GARNES
Mabel, Minn. R. F. D. No. 1.
Where the wolves howl out in the lonely night,
And the stars shine bright thru the rain;
There lives Obert, that boy of night,
Who crabbed till he gave us a pain.

PVT. RICHARD PENNOYER
448 E. 48th St., New York City, N. Y.
From the city of a million wonders,
He joined us without a wail,
For he landed in a job very soft,
Where he could manage to stay out of jail.

PVT. CHARLES OLSEN
737 42d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Now Charlie lives in Brooklyn,
A town far from the West.
He doesn't care for French drinks,
For he likes root beer the best.

Embarking

An April nineteen, nineteen,
Along about three in the morn,
We were all aroused from our pleasant
dreams,
By the bugler's noisy horn.

"Fall in, and make it snappy,"
Is what our Major said,
And there we stood with packs on backs,
"Till we thot we'd all drop dead.

But finally we started hiking
Along that long and dusty trail,
Along towards noon we arrived in Brest,
From where our ship would sail.

You have, no doubt, seen sardines in cans,
They had nothing on us I can tell,
As on that lighter we were crammed and
jammed,
Poor "Bucks," we were jammed to hell.

Four hours we stood the ram and jam,
Until we thot we'd die;
But finally we reached our old transport,
Where they hoisted us way up high.

We loaded with packs still on our backs,
Our rifles in one hand;
And the ticket system that awaited us,
Was absolutely grand.

At last we landed in our bunks,
By then it was ten in the morn,
And there we laid dead to the world,
Wishing we had never been born.

No regrets we left behind us,
As our good ship sailed away,
For we were headed for God's own
country,
The good old U . S . A .

"Back Private" McCollum.

Manning's Eating Squad

They are full of life and ginger
And they're always on the job,
Why they never miss the mess line
With their weak and hungry sob.

For blocks you can hear them coming,
As they plod up the kitchen street;
With Corp. Manning yelling,
"Hey! When in the Hell do we eat."

Then you'll see some very fast walking,
As First Class Private Utt,
Starts double-timing to the kitchen
To fill up his empty gut.

While all the boys are eating,
And kicking about the stew;
The cooks are snapped to attention
And they serve "our Adams" too.

Then just as things are easy,
And the K. P.'s think they're thru;
In shambles that greaseball Miller
For his share of slum-gullion stew.

But when the "seconds" fall in line
And they crawl up there in turns,
You can tell where they are going
As they're always led by Burns.

Then someone springs a rumor
That we're bound for home "Toot
Sweet."
And while you're busy talking,
Pvt. Lind will steal you're meat.

Then up steps Enoch Christensen,
And yells, "Fall in for thirds;"
And then you'll see our eating squad,
Fall in on him in herds.

But no matter how well you feed them,
Even to pie, chicken and meat;
They'd leave the kitchen just the same,
Yelling—"Hey! When in the Hell do we
eat."

— *Private John Burns.*

Thots

Oh God! to get away from it all!
Those Thots! Those Thots! that come,
To blind forever those memories,
And the sound of the bullet's hum.

To live once more as I did before
In peace and quiet and rest,
And to just forget for a little while,
That it took from my life the best.

At night, when all is quiet,
And I'm lying alone in bed,
There comes like a vision a motion picture,
Of battlefields, and the dead! the dead!

Will I never forget that Hell "Over
There"
And the tales the battlefields tell;
Of the price "My Buddies" paid with their
all;
Oh! I tell you it's Hell, just downright
Hell!

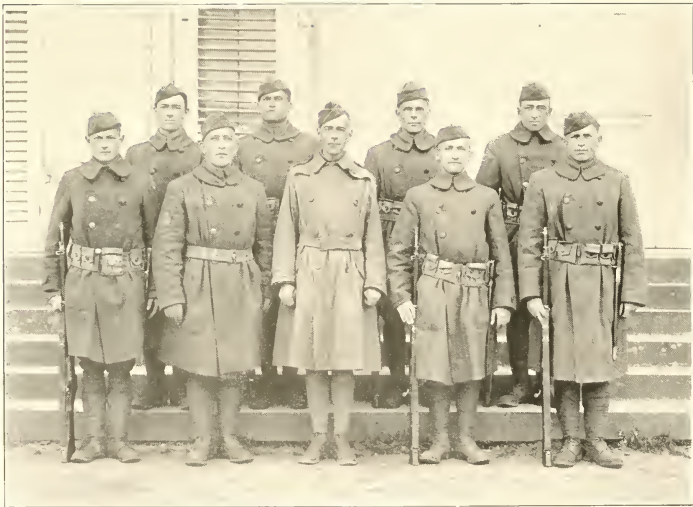
An' there's my buddy, Chet,
I can see him plain as can be;
A-layin' "Out There" a crumpled heap,
And seems like he's callin' to me.

I can hear the "big 'uns" screech an
scream,
As they go flying o'er my head,
An' they seem to say both night and day,
Remember, the dead — the dead!

An' sometimes I think as I sit here alone,
That perhaps it might've been best,
If I too, had paid that great price;
And were out there now with the rest.

Oh! those Thots! those Thots! those cursed
Thots!
That come both night and day;
Oh! Dear God be merciful!
And take them forever away.

"Buck Private" McCollum.



MEMBERS OF THE "LOST BATTALION"

The Fight of the Lost Battalion

Back of Florent, in the Argonne Forest,
Were gathered a handful of men,
Waiting the word to "go in" again,
But to come out—God alone knew when.
East met west in those few short hours,
And were drawn together as one;
As brother to brother, and man to man,
They met to suppress the Hun.
As they looked in each others' faces,
What they saw there made them turn
'way,
As each was hastily scribbling
A note, to some loved one far 'way.
For each of them were thinking thoughts
That come to but very few men;
For on the morrow they'd go "Over the
Top,"
Some never to come back again.
The air and trees were full of sounds
As we started in that night,
And you could hear the thud, thud, thud of
feet on the ground:—
As we went marching towards the fight.

To an open space in the road we came,
And God! what a sight we did see.
The whole skyline it was aflame
With our barrage for Democracy.
"Sh-h! Hush! Make no noise,
As we're going in real soon,"
And you could almost hear the heartbeats:
As we crept in platoon by platoon.
Soon we were in our places
Against that cold ground so bare,
And then we started waiting, waiting and
waiting—
My God! but it was cold waiting there.
At eleven P. M. on that eventful night
Our barrage opened up with a flare,
And the earth it trembled and shook as in
fright.
As we waited in the cold "Up There,"
God! how the minutes dragged;
You'd think each one was a day,
As we laid there waiting in the cold,
For "zero" hour and the break of day.

The Fight of the Lost Battalion — Continued

Finally five-thirty, the "zero" hour came;
And the word was passed down the line;
Go "Over the Top" boys, and "Play the
Game,"

And break their damn "Kremhilde line."

A million thoughts flash through your
minds,

As you go "Over the Top" my boys,
And those thoughts bring realization;
Of the sweetness of life and its joys.

What did we find when finally "On Top"
In that barren waste called No Man's
Land?"

An ocean of barbed wire in the mist and
fog,

Placed there by the devil's own hand.

All day long we pushed him back:

By night we'd his second line trench,
Then we dug in, and waited for him;
By morn, with the rain we were
drenched.

The men were gaunt with hunger,
For what food we had was gone;
But there was the Boche ahead of us,
So we had to push on, and on, and on!

Were you ever out in the Battlefields,
With the dead just stacked all around,
With the earth in a tremble from the fear
and fright,
Of the blood on its sacred ground?

While comrades you loved as brothers and
more

Laid there wounded, and moaning in
pain,

And with a gnawing emptiness in your
heart,

You wondered, where was War's Gain?

For three days we went till our strength
was spent,

Midst sights too terrible to tell;
And by the time we landed in a trap that
night,

I can tell you, we'd all seen hell.

The Fight of the Lost Battalion Continued

Exhausted from fighting and dead for
sleep,
Were we, as we dug in that night,
And as we laid there in the cold and the
rain,
We wondered, if war ever was right.

At the break of dawn when we looked
around,
We knew we were in a tight place;
For the Boche they had surrounded us,
But we met him face to face.

For three long days we laid in that trap,
In mud clear up to our knees;
Sleepless, hungry, and dying from thirst,
Amid those splintered Argonne trees.

With all hopes gone and our hearts in
despair,
A whisper came down the line;
That at last the longed for relief had
arrived,
And God knows, it came just in time.

We went at the food like a pack of wolves
That had starved the whole winter thru.
And between the munching of bites you'd
hear,
Mumbled prayers of thanks to our com-
rades so true.

The forest was thick as some African glade
And with hands and faces bad torn,
We looked like phantoms from out o' hell,
And from war's delusions were shorn.

No one could picture, try as the night,
The horror and hell of it all,
And that our Company lost ninety men
afore night;
Seemed to matter as nothing at all.

But on and on we carried the fight,
And crushed the best that he had,
We gained our objective but were again in
a trap;
By then we were mad, fighting mad.

The Fight of the Lost Battalion⁶⁷ Continued

On the side of a cliff two hundred feet high,
We dug in like so many moles.
And death was the penalty that you paid,
Should you stick your head from those
holes.

Did you ever lay out in the cold all night,
When the frost just creeps thru the
ground;
With an empty gut and a parched tongue,
In a place not fit for a hound?

If you have, perhaps you can sense,
Of the things I'm a-tryin' to tell,
And why every man who came out alive,
Could say that he'd lived thru Hell.

Fighting all day, holding out by pure grit,
An' fighting at night by the flare;
Oh! the suffering we bore can never be told,
Of those six days and nights spent there.

Death stalked thru our ranks, took ten-fold
her toll
Of our buddies, your brothers and sons;
But before they went, tho' their strength
was spent,
They took their toll of the Huns.

Relief came at last as it always does,
When you're backed by God-fearin' men,
But we were so weak and so many were
gone,
That nothing mattered a damn by then.

We stumbled out as in a daze,
To food, shelter and rest,
And proved to ourselves and the world at
large,
That Americans had proved up to the
test.

Now a million questions you will ask us
About that terrible war,
Our answer?—Well, our Company went in
two-fifty strong;
And came out with but forty and four.

My Pals

Of three Pals of mine I would tell,
And how they helped me live thru Hell.
First, there's "Billy," my old gas mask,
And for a better Pal you could never ask.

The first time I used him, as I remember,
Was up in the "Argonne" late in September,

The alarm had been sounded and brought
a cold chill,

But with "Billy" there, it changed to a
thrill,

I pictured myself a-layin' there dead,
But grabbed and put on my "Billy"
instead.

Three hours we lived thru that hellish gas,
Since then he's my Pal, first and last.

Second, is "Jim," my old "diggin'-in" tool,
And he was more than a Pal, except to a
fool.

He'd help me dig in both night and day,
And made me war wise in his own quiet
way.

We dug thru rock and sometimes ground,
Then slept the sleep of a dog-tired hound,
And thru any battle of raging hell,
He was my Pal, and served me well.

Last, but not least, comes "Jack," that boy,
Who was my one comfort and eternal joy,
Only a "tin derby" he's often been called,
But never yet has old Jack stalled.

I've used him as a writing pad,
And as a seat he's not half bad,
I've used him to pound those queer tent
poles,

And for protection in many shell holes.

Battered and scarred, shell-torn and
marred,

Beyond all recognition was he,
For turning the "Boches" shrapnel,
Had been his real specialty.

He nestled close to my kinky head,
And kept me from numbering amongst the
dead.

So that's "Jack's" story, and I'll own,
He was more to me than some King's
throne.

So if, perhaps, I seem a bit proud,
Just remember that they are a part of my
crowd.

An' now they are takin' a well-earned rest,
In the corner of the room that I love best.



THE THIRD PLATOON

The Third Platoon

PVT. WILLIAM E. BALDWIN

Mountain Air, N. M.

I don't know much about this boy;
But if he ever marries I wish him joy.

PVT. LEE C. McCOLLUM

4009 1st Ave. N. W., Seattle, Wash.

Now I'm one of the "Bucks"

That wrote this book,
If you don't think it's rotten
"Give it a look."

PVT. JOHN COLLINS

336 58th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

John had a pet he tried to keep,
He got him on the line,
But when the doctor took a peep
He gave that cutie double time.

PVT. ARTHUR HAMILTON

Fort Gaines, Ga.

I've often wonder how this bird
Was ever made K. P.
He couldn't even stir the soup
And always spoiled the tea.

PVT. REYNOLD HECUBNER

514 Rustin Ave., Sioux City, Iowa.

I'd often come in for my chow,
And lo! and behold! I'd see,
This champagne artist eating cow;
Not "firsts," but "thirds," by gee!

PVT. CLARKE WILSON

Barnville, Ga.

One day on a hike
Clarke fell out to rest.
He had been eating "Corned Willy"
So you know the rest.

PVT. LESLIE H. McBRIDE

Shipley, Iowa.

Now Les sang bass;
And would also box.
But as a soldier
He was an awful hoax.

PVT. BERT C. MCCOY

Dover, Idaho.

Now Bert McCoy was the boy
Who never took a chance,
Until one day he ran away,
With a sweet little daughter of France.

PVT. JOHN HUBMEIER

247 Stanhope St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

With madames John would sit and talk,
And later on would go for a walk.

PVT. HELMER C. OLSEN

2806 W. 3rd St., Duluth, Minn.

Now Helmer had a gift of gab
That would make sane men raving mad.

The Third Platoon Continued

LT. JOHN B. HESS

849 Lakeside Place, Chicago, Ill.

He was an officer of the supply train once,

And he said, "Now, isn't this 'll,

To be hooked up with a bunch like this.

When I can do 'Squads East' so well."

SGT. HERMAN BERGASSE

431 E. 82d St., New York City, N. Y.

Street commissioner, water commissioner,

And other things was he;

And he also had some details

That were full of misery.

If at any time while on these jobs

You failed to do your best;

He'd line you up against the wall,

Then knock you for a "pe-rade rest."

PVT. THOS. PERRY

Shellman, Ga. Route No. 3.

Now Perry was from Shellman

In dear old Georgia, too.

But I thot he was a Hell-man

When I heard him cuss our Jews.

PVT. JACKIE DAHL

821 E. 14th St., Columbus, Neb.

Now Jackie Dahl would always stall,

No matter where he'd go.

And to watch him coax his mustache

Was better than a show.

PVT. GEORGE GEARIN

Greenfield, Tenn.

Those formations George would always duck,

Then wonder why he was out of luck.

CORP. HUNTER OGDEN

Laurel Hill, Louisiana.

Well, well, well here comes Ogden

With his continual wail and whine.

And whenever it was chow time

He would surely head the line.

PVT. ELLIS WELCH

Saskawa, Okla., Box 62.

At walking the post Welch was a bear,

For you'd always find him in bed somewhere.

PVT. LOUIS HYMAN

547 Saratoga Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.

Tall and lean and very lank,

He was one of New York's own,

And an awful crank.

The Third Platoon – Continued

PVT. WILLIAM McEWAN

Fort Dodge, Iowa. Route No. 5.
Corn Willy and onions for him were fine,
He had plenty of bunions and never a dime.

PVT. WILLARD HANNA

Freewater, Oregon. Route No. 1.
Champion eater of the Company was he,
Never filled up as I could see,
Grew to be thin as a long lean rail,
And "When do we eat" was his continual wail.

PVT. HENRY BUSHING

10 Cross St., Middle Village, L. I., N. Y.
At reveille on rainy morn
Hen tried to steal our bugler's horn.
He only missed it by an inch,
He was nearly a thief and that's a cinch.

PVT. ORIN E. STOVALL

Winston, Georgia.
Now if bully beef will make a man,
He'll sure be one some day.
For he was the first one in our mess hall,
And the last to get away.

PVT. OLLIE WOLFENBURG

Hollenville, Okla.
Ollie liked his vin rouge and rum,
Outside of this he had no fun,
And when he was loaded to the ears
He'd always call for two more beers.

PVT. GROVER B. MITCHELL

612 9th St., Garden City, Kan.
A crap shootin' fool was this boy,
Any kind of a pass he could make,
He cleaned us all when "Homeward Bound"
Then blew us to some cake.

PVT. BAILEY D. TUCKER

India Mountain, Tenn.
Now Uncle Sammy said one day,
The army needs you, son.
And every month you'll get your pay
Until the day you're done.

PVT. HARRY SADO

776 Prospect Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C., N. Y.
New York's own is proud to claim
Harry, the king of 'em all.
For he was full of nerve and things
That turned our love to gall.

Our Team

I'm just an ordinary fan
And can't account for much,
But I'm for writing history
With a true and honest touch.

But a word is due about "Our Team"
And their playing I would say,
Also about "Our Captain"
An' the game he lost one day.

I'd heard about their playing
They said it wasn't slow;
For the actors introduced it
In the progress of a show.

Now I'd like to know how any fan
Could have the nerve to say,
That Lt. Griffin couldn't see the ball,
An' gave the game away.

The score, Hess said, was four to two,
And one inning more to play;
Which proved that our team's twirler
Had things coming all his way.

"Let's go Bergasse" holds first base,
With Hope on the shortstop line;
Girolamo smiles as he takes his place,
And "Our Umpire" calls the time.

There in the box stands Morgan
He was there to win, no bluff;
Its his kind, put 'em over,
Strike 'em out, no walkin' stuff.

He saw the Captain's "Pay Day" smile,
And the "You know me" in his eye;
He then resolved, "I'll strike him out,"
I'll do it, yes, or die.

Now Morgan twirls his body
On the truest corkscrew plan;
And drops a little inshoot
That cuts the corner of the pan.

—Private John Wesley Adams.

Our Team Continued

The skipper thot the first one pitched
Would surely be a ball,
But swung with all his might and main,
To split the air was all.

He swung again as Captains do,
An' missed the next by a mile;
And as he glared at us "Bleacherites"
Morgan grinned and hid a smile.

With the "I'll hit it now or die" look,
He took a long tuck at his pants;
And if he'd hit the next one pitched,
He'd have knocked it clear out of
France.

Now they say: "Peace Terms" will be
signed,
Between now and two thousand and one;
But "That Game," "Our Captain" will
always protest.
For by the I. D. R. he had won!

—Private John Wesley Adams.

Let's Go!

'Twas Uncle Sammy's doughboys
That put the Kibosh on the Hun;
Now we're waiting for "That Transport"
And we'll take her on the run.

Oh why do you wait Mr. Baker?
Just send us a ship or a raft;
For the U. S. A. and our freedom,
We'd sail on any old craft.

At first we were going home Christmas,
And then on New Year's Day;
But now it's the fifteenth of April,
Unless they change it to May.

Now General Pershing's motto
Is a good one, we all know;
"Let's get where we're going today, boys,"
And you bet, we're ready to go.

The Statue of Liberty beckons
To her soldiers across the sea;
"Let's Go!" and get where we're going,
Back home, to the land of the free.

—Private John Wesley Adams.



THE FOURTH PLATOON

The Fourth Platoon

PVT. ELLI F. TOUTSLEY

622 Seneca St., Watertown, N. Y.

Now Elli ate some wein's

And sourkraut on the ship,

Then for four long days thereafter

His daily meals he'd skip.

SGT. HENRY KAMEN

210 E. 86th St., N. Y. C.

Henry knew his I. D. R.

As well as you an' me,

But when it came to the annual of arms,

Poor Henry was entirely at sea.

LIEUT. ROBERT A. HOPE

826 Holland Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Now we could write a very neat piece

About his English Dolly in Neive,

He'd have nothing to do with squads East or West

But about his leave and a ten day rest.

SGT. JAMES EAST

Quinton, Ky.

Down on the farm James loves to roam

Amid the cows and chickens,

But thirty dollars every month

From his Uncle Sam was pickin's.

SGT. HERMAN L. MEYER

Laverne, Iowa.

Herman always took in Sunday school,

He sure was a wonderful boy,

But after Sunday school was over

He'd fill up on liquid joy.

PVT. ANTON LAISE

159 W. 115th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.

Anton is as lazy as his name,

This wonderful mechanic of world wide fame,

Yet he never done a single thing

Except make his girl a two franc ring.

PVT. JOSEPH OTOOLE

561 W. 111th St., N. Y. C.

In France they made Joe our K. P.,

I've often wondered why,

And as he washed those dirty pans

He'd sigh and sigh and sigh.

PVT. FLOYD B. COBB

Lake, Ky.

You can pack up all your troubles

In your little old canteen,

For I'm introducing Private Cobb,

Our original Cowboy Jew.

PVT. ANTONIO MARTINANO

9 Minetta St., N. Y. C.

"Whatsa' da mat," is all he'd say,

"Notten' but a do 'Bully Beef' everya' da!"

PVT. NIKKE J. PAWLISH

Bristol, Colo., Route No. 1.

Nike McGlue was the Bristol Duke,

But as a soldier an awful Fluke.

The Fourth Platoon Continued

PVT. PATRICK LYONS

59 Jaraeman St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
When everything was going well,
And we were raising merry Hell,
Along come Paddy singing that song,
"We're going home before very long."

PVT. WALTER LESTER

Tecumseh, Okla., Route No. 4
No chance on earth is there to sleep
When Les takes off his shoes,
So for our gas masks we would creep,
Then go outside to snooze.

PVT. JOHN COOK

77 Allen St., Westfield, Mass.
When John's again in civies
He'll surely be a bear,
For he's a man amongst men,
And bootlegs anywhere.

PVT. JOHN KILLEEN

217 S. Hamilton St., Watertown, N. Y.
John never used to shine his shoes
For inspection or retreat,
He is the pride of New York's Own,
And we'll dismiss him now "Toot Sweet."

PVT. THOS. S. THORNTON

Hokes Bluff, Ma.
Now that the war is over

Tom is going back to the farm,
Amongst the cows and chickens,
Far away from care and harm.

PVT. GERMANY W. HOLLOWAY

Earlsboro, Okla., Route No. 3
Oklahoma is where he hails from,
And he's sure some onery cuss;
He drinks his vin rouge very strong,
And at night always raises a fuss

PVT. JOHN W. DEMARIO

66 Mulberry St., N. Y. C.
Brave little Jack Demario,
Carried our Captain's bed,
Which consisted of a stretcher,
Till poor Jack, he nearly dropped dead.

PVT. FRITZ BREDDING

1809 E. Court St., Pendleton, Ore.
Fritz stood upon a crowded deck,
As sick as sick could be,
And fed some hungry little fish,
While we sailed across the sea.

CORP. HENRY RHEINHOLD

556 Adams St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Now Henry had an awful space
To fill with army slum,
And he runs 'em all a crazy race
When loaded up on rum.

The Fourth Platoon Continued

PVT. HENRY WEISS

133 St. James Place, Buffalo, N. Y.
We heard him talking in his sleep,
About his girlie dear,
And to the bunch it was a treat,
As Hen' was full of beer.

PVT. JOSEPH RINI

5110 Guy Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
From his bunk to the deck he madly flew,
And heaved up the last of his Vin Blanc stew.

PVT. HENRY S. TAYLOR

Kensington, Ga.
I've known this guy to get so drunk
You'd think that he would die,
We'd hoist him way up in his bunk
And then he'd ask for pie.

PVT. SAMUEL J. SANDERS

Mansfield, Tenn., Route No. 1
Sam left his girl in Mansfield,
In sunny Tennessee,
And he told us how he loved her
While we crossed the deep blue sea.

PVT. FRANK PIETERSACK

Argyle, Minn., Route No. 1
Now Frank was some fine soldier,
The same as you and me,
But when it came to women,
He was different there, hy Gee!

CORP. JOHN PAULSON

533 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
He'd take his squad and drill them,
Like any non-comm would,
But when he gave them right or left,
He was never understood.

PVT. ANDREW H. JACKSON

Geritman, Ark., Route No. 2
Just like old "Stonewall" Jackson,
He too is from the South,
But our Andy is a corker,
At drowning his dry dronth.

PVT. PATRICK GALLAGHER

83 3rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
No matter how tough the hike,
Or the battles we were in,
We could always count on Paddy
With his everlasting grin.

PVT. HYMAN WATT

1316 Homan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
"The Greaseball Tailor," Watt was his name,
At ruining your clothes gained great fame.

PVT. MAX ADELL

228 Division St., N. Y. C.
Short and petite and very sweet,
As a Looney's striker he was very neat,
Until one day when ducking a dud
He fell in the street and got covered with mud.



EXTRAS

Extras

CORP. ALFRED NAUHEIM

859 Elsmere Place, New York City, N. Y.
A lady's man he was for fair,
With a sprinkling of silver in his hair,
He never swore or cursed aloud,
For he was one of our happy crowd.

CORP. ALBERT WALBURG

1434 Bryanc Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C., N. Y.
This fellow's name is hard to rhyme,
And he's optimistic too;
But in France he had an awful time
Just trying to par-les-voou.

CORP. FRANK GAMBEDELLA

232 Van Brunt Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
One day on a pass he stole away,
To spend his hard earned dough.
That of himself he made a jay,
I guess by now you know.

SGT. HERMAN ANDERSON

71 60th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Care N.
Hansen.

He was our company pinochle shark,
And surely knew the game,
But drilling the poor old third platoon,
Is where he gained his fame.

LT. D. O. MORGAN

Seneca, S. C.
In Bannes one day while drilling,
He said, "I'll go crazy soon,

If they don't take the minstrel show actors,

Out of this first platoon."

CORP. JOSEPH GREENBURG

236 E. 13th St., New York City, N. Y.
"Nobby" we called him, 'twas a hell of a name
To give to a man that was darned near insane

SGT. JOHN MAUSER

607 Seneca Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Now John he was some songster,
As he marched along to war,
But the song he sang the best of all,
Is, "I'm lousier than ever before."

CORP. ISADOR PRESS

536 Goddar St., Providence, R. I.
Corp. Press, our tailor, ruined all our clothes;
Why he was made corporal the Lord alone he
knows.

PVT. MAX HORLICK

536 Bristol St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Now Horlick was an opera singer,
As you all know well;
But when he sang "I'm Sorry Dear,"
It sure did sound like hell.

PVT. STEPHEN WONDOLOWSKY

225 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Now Steve would rush up to the tub,
Just to wash his old mess can;
He'd scrub and rub and rub and scrub,
For it sure was a dirty pan.

Extras

PVT. MURRAY ROSENBERG

1033 Hoe Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.

As assistant corporal of our louziest squad,
He won a P. D. G. for packing a hod.

CORP. FRANK GARTESIER

196 Nassau Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frankie was in our minstrel show,

But not there by his choice,

As the biggest part of Frankie's act

Was oilin' up his voice.

CORP. DANIEL DRISCOLL

588 Grand St., New York City, N. Y.

Now as an actor in our show,

Daniel was a lion;

For if he missed his shot of gin,

He'd bust right out a cryin'.

CORP. CARL F. HORN

Northport, L. I., N. Y.

Now Horn he was a corporal,

And as brave as he could be,

And never rough upon his men,

Unless he'd too much 'skee.

CORP. GEORGE KEILBACH

409 Onderdonk Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Until the day we started home,

George was always broke,

For he was one of New York's own,

And this is not a joke.

PVT. CLARENCE KIRLEY

Whiteboro, N. Y.

Fifteen dollars every month,

Is the money that he drew;

And like a sailor he would spend it,

Upon his monthly stew.

PVT. WAYNE MARTIN

Warba, Minn.

Now comes Wayne from Warba, Minn.,

Full of bull and also vin.

PVT. OTTO MOUTNER

676 Nicholas Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Care F. Davis,

At speaking French he was a bear,

Had plenty of bull and some to spare.

PVT. ANTONIO CIRILLO

3163 Villa Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C., N. Y.

Tony was one of our "Greeceballs,"

From down "ol' N'Yawk way,"

And was never out for reveille,

As he surely did like the hay.

PVT. CHARLES ANACHER

4216 3rd Ave., New York City, N. Y.

The number of his life raft

Charles he never knew.

But one thing he knew for certain,

Was where we got our stew.

Extras Continued

PVT. PAUL THORNTON

1487 Edgewater Road, Bronx, N. Y. C.,
N. Y.

Always laying 'round in bed,
Just like some louse, about half dead;
On time for mess call and late for retreat,
This unhuman creature was hard to beat.

CORP. JOSEPH WAGNER

30 Darnell St., Corona, N. Y.

At "takin' the air" he was a bear,
And it was an education to hear him swear.

PVT. JOSEPH USAC

490 Morgan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Back in the wilds of Brooklyn,
Usac learned to swear.

It was a treat to listen to him,
As he surely was a bear.

PVT. JOSEPH CONTINANZO

532 Broome St., New York City, N. Y.

Continanzo was the duck
Who never missed a meal.

He used to be a porter,
And, of course, knew how to steal.

PVT. JOSEPH PORDAMANI

4324 Elm Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

King of the crap shooters was our Joe;
He could make seben come, or he could make it
go.

Never missed a single pass,

We'll have to admit he was at the head of the
class.

PVT. SALVADORE FUSCO

203 Spring St., New York City, N. Y.

He used to like his C. C. pills,

He'd chew them just like gum.
And when he'd shake with aches and chills,
We knew he needed rum.

PVT. SALVADORE GENTILE

4410 Madison St., N. Y. C., N. Y.

Around the kitchen he would work,
And like all greeceballs he would shirk;
Until one day he spoiled the soup,
And spent a few days in our lousy coop.

PVT. DOMINICK PREZIOZI

2728 Broome St., N. Y. C., N. Y.

He ruled the tailors with a hand of steel,
And at sewing on chevrons made a great deal.

PVT. JACK BERNHEIM

1155 E. 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Gimme this and take that in return,"
As a platoon clerk his dollar he'd earn.

PVT. FRANK H. WALLACE

Sand Point, Idaho.

Scotch as Scotch as Scotch could be,
Frank always howled for Scotch whiskey.

Extras Continued

PVT. ROY W. JONES

1406 W. 2nd St., Des Moines, Ia.
Now Jonesy loved the box cars,
That in France he used to ride,
He also loved the jolly tars,
Upon the ocean wide.

PVT. CHARLES GOTTHEIM

585 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gottheim was a sprinter,
And claimed to be one of the best,
But turned out to be a coal heaver,
When we put him to the test.

PVT. JOSEPH BOHENKAMP

Rensselaer, Iowa.
His name was Joseph Bohenkamp,
The boy from Iowa.
But when ever details were around,
Old Joe was far away.

PVT. RONEY JONES

Monette, Arkansas.
He never could quite understand,
His orders on the boat.
And raved and swore and talked of land,
For the water got his goat.

Oh Boy!

Ohen you're again in your civies,
And strolling down the street,
No doubt a former officer,
You will surely meet.

Then you'll snap up to attention,
As you've always done before,
Only to find at close inspection,
It's the officer you abhor.

Then your thots will quickly wander,
Way back to "Rainy France,"
And you'll get the inspiration,
That at last here is your chance.

So you'll bring your hand up smartly,
Till it's somewhere near your nose,
And your face'll light up with a smile of
joy,
And you'll say to yourself, here goes,
oh boy!

—"Buck Private" McCollum.

Kultur

It was harvest time in Belgium,

Fields were rich with golden grain.

Fragrant flowers along the hillside,

Beckoned to the clouds for rain.

Thru the wildwood, and the meadows,

The feathered songster's sweet refrain

Echoed from the dawn till shadows

Enshrouded him in night's dark domain.

Like thunderbolts from Heaven's blue,

Ten million fiends from Hell broke thru.

The Prussian war dog snapped his chain.

A land of peace with blood to stain.

On into Belgium in drunken glee,

They burn, and pillage, and murder the
free.

The fiends were ruled by an iron hand,

And Prussian make Kultur a Kaiser's
brand.

Brave little Belgium, ally of France.

Stood in the balance of destinies chance.

Maimed and bleeding, but not in vain.

She fought the oppressor, her freedom to
gain.

From Belgium to France, Verdun and
Rheims,

Came Kultur for conquest a Kaiser's
dreams,

The beautiful Rheims that palace of
Kings,

Stands wounded but proudly her
chimes softly rings.

Onward! forward! hold the line there,

Brave soldiers of France your freedom
declare,

Drive back the Prussians from Alsace
Lorraine,

That Bismark had stolen for conquest
and gain.

Kultur Continued

Above the roar of cannon and battle's fiery
hell,

There sounds a mighty echo, 'tis
Freedom's Liberty Bell.

America's Eagle screaming, spreads her
wings and flies,

She plucks the sword from Kultur and
Prussianism dies.

Of Kultur's tower in Europe, the world
has naught to fear.

A Kaiser's dream of conquest was hell's
most fine veneer,

For right is might forever, on land or on
the sea,

Old Glory backed by Freedom, was born
for Liberty.

—Private John Wesley Adams.

Extras

BUGLER CECIL TROUTWINE

Boone, Iowa.

About three in the morn he'd crawl out of bed,
And blow his old bugle 'till we wished he was
dead.

PVT. FRED W. SCHMIDT

Care Joliet Floral Company, Joliet, Ill.

Fred loved a mademoiselle so sweet,
And not because she had small feet.

PVT. LEWIS SIMBRO

Prairie City, Iowa.

Now Lewis was always out late at night,
Don't ask him the reason as it wouldn't be right.

PVT. JACOB KOPSTEIN

530 W. 136th St., New York City, N. Y.

Now Jake when full of old French wine,
At sparking the girls he sure could shine.
He told them about New York and its perils,
And read books turned out by Bobb & Merrill's.

PVT. HENRY ROTHSTEIN

890 Fox Street, Bronx, N. Y.

Hen should have been a captain,
But was only a lonely "buck,"
And when it came to doing guard,
He was always out of luck.

Gassed

I've gone all day in a sortay' a daze,
An' felt the horror of death,
I don't mind the fight 'cause I know I'm
right,
But I'm worried about my breath,
It feels like a ball of red-hot fire,
Turned loose from Hell's own door,
An' there seems to be no ease for me,
An' it's hurting me more and more,
I can feel myself go crumpling,
An' fall in a sudden heap,
An' slowly the truth dawns on me,
That I was gassed last night in my
sleep.
The doctor says I'll pull thru all right,
An' am good for a few more years,
But I'm thinking of my dear old mother,
An' I just can't keep back the tears.
I've paid the debt that manhood brings,
To make an ideal stand true,
And if, perhaps, I've forgot how to smile,
Remember, it was all for you.

—“Buck Private” McCollum.

The Debt

My pals are all around me,
And it seems like a horrible dream,
But there goes my “Buddie” damn bad hit,
An' I go mad when I hear his scream,
My blood boils up in red, red rage,
And I lose the last of my will;
I'm turned to beast and mad man,
And my cry is to kill—to kill!
I rage and mutter all the night,
And wait for the break of day;
For my mind is mad with that one thot,
That they must repay!—repay!
* * * * *
You're gone, so why should I smile and lie,
And say that life's worth while,
When gladly I'd join you where you are,
Just to see once again your smile,
I'll try my best to square the debt,
But, Pal, it can never be done,
So may you rest in peace o'er here,
'Neath the new-made cross that you've
won.

—“Buck Private” McCollum.



EXTRAS

Extras

CORP. JOSEPH DEMAREE

23rd St. Y. M. C. A., N. Y. C., N. Y.
Here's to Joe, the king of our grafters,
Who never earned his dough.
For he was a writer of mingled facts,
Such as guardhouses and others, you know.

CORP. HENRY CRAFT

675 Decatur St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
As crafty as they made them,
Was this boy from Brooklyn way;
And he run our commissary,
And took our hard earned pay.

CORP. FRANK J. KELLY

1028 47th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Skinny and lank as a telephone pole,
Forever looking up some Vin Rouge hole.

PVT. JOHN HOLCOMB

Kingwood Park, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
A regular student this bird is,
And writin' history is his biz,
We'll guarantee before he's thru,
He'll enlighten you some on French De Lu.

PVT. JOHN F. BURNS

7 Roy Ave., Wappinger Falls, N. Y.
Now Johnny was a poet,
But his rhymes were on the bum;
And this is easily accounted for,
As he was always full of rum.

CORP. THOS. SHANLEY

22 Desbrosses St., N. Y. C., N. Y.
"Three hundred and forty" so they say,
Is all this Irishman ever did weigh,
With French mademoiselles so sweet and petite,
At promenading he was hard to beat.

PVT. ALGOT JOHNSON

70 W. 109th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.
As a runner and a javelin thrower,
Algot sure was there,
But when it came to throwing hammers,
Poor Al blew up in the air.

PVT. JOHN HESTER

Osfeld, Ga.
A Georgia Cracker is our John,
Full of bell and the company clown.

Extras Continued

PVT. BROW CARLSON

511 Lee Ave., Victor, Colo.
Now Brow used to drink all night and day,
In order to spend his fabulous pay.

PVT. FRANK G. SCHRAPPERT

3405 Broadway, N. Y. C., N. Y.
On "That Bike" he had no bike,
But a stretcher he packed along the pike.

CORP. HARRY THACKER

2601 E. Walnut St., Des Moines, Iowa.
When speaking of your ice-cream bounds,
This guy was always "out of bounds."

PVT. SAM MORRIS

Wilberton, Okla.
Sam killed lots of coyniac, vin rouge and beer,
And said, "he should worry if he never left
here."

PVT. CLARENCE KING

Preston, Ga.
At parleyvooring Clar was a joke;
When he said combien he'd almost choke.
But when he exclaimed comansee coman saw,
The bunch all gave him the merry ha! ha!

PVT. IRA HICKS

Elks' Hotel, 9th and Walnut Sts., Des
Moines, Iowa.
This bird, I guess, that you all know,
For as our barber he took your dough.

PVT. VERNE CLAY

El Campo, Texas.
If Verne is Clay then I am mud,
As a soldier Clay is almost a dud.

PVT. ALFRED ALBATE

72 Common St., Lawrence, Mass. Care
N. Pitocchelli.
Albate didn't mind the shells—
He never was afraid.
Until he picked one up one day,
To see how it was made.

PVT. INNOCENZO CELLA

119 Baxter St., N. Y. C., N. Y.
New York's Own, we'll admit that, too,
For he was always on a cheap beer stew.

Extras Continued

PVT. ALTON B. ELLIS

Alfred, N. Y.

First he was a Chauffeur, then he was a sarg;
Then he was a janitor, but by now he's out at
large.

PVT. ANTHONY GENTILE

120 Madison St., Rome, N. Y.

In France he never felt at home,
For there was no Rome in which to roam.

PVT. HODGE WINTON

Ladonia, Texas. Route No. 3.

As a barber this boy was a bear,
But I can't help but wonder
Where he learned to cut hair.

PVT. PETE VUKOYE

Kingman, Arizona.

Now Pete is a miner and we all know well,
That he lives in a place that is hot as hell.

PVT. CLARENCE LIND

Harrisburg, S. Dakota.

Clar thru up his hands and wanted to die
When he heard that the U. S. A. had went dry.

PVT. FRANK N. KLOSTER

16 S. 10th Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

The Jack of Hearts or the Knave of Tarts
Had nothing on this boy.
He was handsome and meen but very unclean
And turned out to be a killjoy.

PVT. WILLIAM GOETZ

323 Jerome St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now Bill was a lucky sort of a duck,
He never had any of those details to buck,
And no formations would he stand,
For he painted our officers signs so grand.

PVT. ERNEST WILLIAMS

209 Seneca St., Seattle, Wash. Care
Moose Club.

Now Earny was a cook both brave and bold,
And served us punk meals that were always
cold.

The Price

Now listen here, old Pal of mine,
I've fought from the Vesle clear up to the Rhine,
At Chateau Thierry and in the Argonne Wood,
I done my bit as best I could.

Why, I've cut my way through an ocean of wire,
And stood the test when under fire,
I've laid in the cold and the rain all night,
Fought like hell for what I thot was right.

I've marched to the band and felt mighty proud,
Because I was one of the fighting crowd,
And now I'm back in this land of ours,
And will be in my civies in a few short hours.

But, somehow or other it all seems bare,
And I feel like hell when people stare,
For some are thinking of loved ones lost,
And others of how much we're going to cost.

And that's the bunch I'm sore about,
The patriot who was so willing to shout,
Then turn us out when we came home,
On two months' pay in the world to roam.

The Returns

Buddy of mine, you're wrong, all wrong,
You'll soon again be one of the throng,
But not as you were when you went away,
But a proved man now and the man of the day.

Why, boy, just think of what you've been thru,
And the glory of knowin' that you've been true,
Think of the "Buddies" whom you gave a hand,
Why, you gained the love of your fellow man.

Think of the knowledge you did gain,
When you pushed clear thru to Alsace-Lorraine,
Think for a moment of some homely French
folk,
That you helped release from the Hun's terrible
yoke.

Why, they expressed to you in their attitude,
An ocean of love and real gratitude,
And in one small second of that war,
You've lived a thousand lives or more.

Tho you may not have your share of gold,
What you learned "Up There" is wealth untold;
And the big thing you gained from what you've
been thru,
Is that high ideal of being true.

—*"Buck Private" McCollum.*

Chow

There goes the bugle,
 Fall in for "chow."
 They say we'll get chicken
 But I'll bet its cow.

Its Simbros' day on,
 We'll surely have mush.
 Hot corn meal toddies
 Made up in a rush.

But honestly speaking
 Joe Sacks does his best,
 He puts in the water,
 Then falls out to rest.

Now Mess Sergt. Haller
 Near caused a scene,
 When he camouflaged Willie,
 With onions so green.

Don't say "Shake it up,"
 If the bacon's not done,
 For Schmidt in the morning,
 Likes his "wee" drop of rum.

Oh ' dear little bean,
 Right now I'll confess,
 Repetti can make you
 The "Queen" of the mess.

For hot cakes and fritters
 We're all out of luck,
 They're only for Faunstock,
 And not for the Buck.

Our "Marcus" bread pudding,
 Invented in France,
 All smeared with molasses,
 And inspected by chance.

Cook Abbott makes doughnuts
 They're round like a ball,
 To be eaten while steaming
 Or never at all.

"Hold everything," fellows,
 Its all over now,
 Let's go wash our mess kits,
 We've all had our "chow."

- Private John Wesley Adams.



OUR COOKS

Our Cooks

PVT. LUIGI MINELLO

64 Oliver St., New York City, N. Y.
I've never heard Minello sigh,
Excepting when making our company's pie.

COOK JOSEPH SACK

111 E. 114th St., N. Y. C., N. Y. Care
Mr. Bork.

Joe sure worked hard for us,
But when we asked for seconds
He'd kick up an awful fuss.

MESS SGT. FRED HALLER

2157 Palmetto St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oh, the shun he used to hand us,
With a smile upon his face,
Killed eighteen of our members,
And poor Marcus died of disgrace.

COOK RICARDO REPETTI

91 Baxter St., New York City, N. Y.
Now at camouflaging anything
He was "there," and "over," too,
But he never fooled us at any time,
For we knew the damstuff was stew.

COOK ANDREW MARCUS

10 Corriton Terrace, Yonkers, N. Y.
"Who camouflaged the Willy?"
Andrew Marcus was his name,
They say he hails from Yonkers,
THAT TOWN of national fame.

PVT. CLAUDE J. M. SMITH
Canton, Georgia.

While on a march Claude could not keep step,
And this is what he'd claim:

That bully beef and goldfish
Would make anyone sick an' lame.

PVT. THOS. COSTELLO

201 Macken Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tommy was a Greeceball and an Irishman as
well,
And when engaged in scrubbing pans he'd cuss
us all a spell.

PVT. GRADY TERRY

Goteba, Oklahoma. R. F. D. No. 1.
Tall and blond and a lean lank bound
Was our Terry from 'way down South.
Never missed a single meal
'Twas on account of the size of his mouth.

PVT. ARTHUR ROAY

Red Lodge, Mont. Box 55.
A letter to his girl he sent;
She lived in France somewhere,
As graceful as an elephant,
As hungry as a bear.

PVT. CLARENCE E. WALLACE

Cleveland, Texas.
He'd make sick call most every morn;
A big, lazy walloper sure as you're born.

PVT. EDWARD NARDI

Central Park, L. I., N. Y. Box 86.
I know this bird just like a book.
He'd be first to mess by book or crook.

A Greaseball

As I entered our old mess hall
Where I'd often been before,
There I met a lousy "Greaseball"
Who whispered gently, "'Haint no
more.
Then I talked and then I pleaded
Crying, telling of the war,
How I'd starved in many shell holes
As I'd never done before.
Give me something then I pleaded
And I'll never ask you more.
Give me beans, hard tack, slum gullion,
Or anything I've had before.
And I promised that I'd eat it
On the ground, or off the floor,
But the "Greaseball" only whispered,
Oh, so softly, "'Haint no more."
Then I raved like one who's shell shocked,
From my head the hair I tore,
And I swore I'd kill that greaseball,
When he whispered, "'Haint no more."
I might beat him, choke him, kill him,
Choke him 'till his throat was sore

But with his last breath he'd whisper,
Whisper softly, "'Haint no more."

Sgt. Oliver Randall

*Just a line or two about my new
"Easter Suit,"
On Board Transport "America,"
At High Seas,
April 20th, 1919.*

Not in a snit of Khaki brown,
Will I greet you at the pier;
But in a suit of Denham Blue,
I'll be forced to meet you dear.
We shoveled coal in our Khaki Brown,
Till we were dirty as dirt could be;
Then they gave us a suit of Denham Blue,
Just to keep us clean at sea.
I know it must seem strange to you
That things are done this way;
But it's just the "Army Grand," my dear,
And they're two months behind with my
pay.
So if, perchance, when we meet,
A coal-heaver I seem to be,
Remember it's the "Army Grand;"
And there's thousands more like me.
—"Buck Private" McCollum.

Extras

No photos grace the names that follow,
For they were hiding in some quiet hollow.

PVT. FRANK PARENTO

75 Roosevelt St., New York City, N. Y.
Now Frank one day he met his fate,
In the form of a French girl with a curl,
Now every day for drill he's late
For she has his brain in a whirl.

PVT. EDWARD E. HOLLINGSHEAD

Quincy, Iowa.
Ed used to step lively when on a review,
As a soldier he numbered among the few.

PVT. ERNEST E. GIRAULT

Biloxi, Miss.
Tall and handsome, dark as a cloud,
Never heard Erny speak French out loud.

PVT. PHILIP K. SUNTER

Wiseey, Kansas.
At doing "squads right" he'd get lost every
time.
But when it came to mess call there is where
he'd shine.

CORP. CHARLES FUHRING

159 Varick St., New York City, N. Y.
Well, by golly, here's to Cholly,
You big old Irish stiff.
"How many times did I duck your right
And return an Orangeman's biff?"

CORP. HENRY KAHLE

1588 First Ave., New York City, N. Y.
If Henry could fight like he could eat,
He'd be one awful hard man to beat.

PVT. JOHN MARTINSON

Clinton, Minn.
Cogniac John from Clinton town,
Was a booze hound brave and bold.
Whisky or wine he thot very fine,
And he'd drink it hot or cold.

PVT. BENJAMIN MILLER

2154 Crotona Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
You talk about your oil cans,
Well, here's to our company champ.
Vin rouge he drank for high balls,
And nearly died of a cramp.

Attached to Our Company

MISS JULIA FULTON

Pleasant Valley, Wheeling, W. Va.
Now Julia was a lady,
And a member of Company A.
At night we drank her cocoa,
Then rued it all next day.

Old Detail Army

Doggone this "Old Detail Army"

Is all I've got to say,

For ever since the armistice

We've been laboring day by day.

With all the fighting over

The first thing that we done,

Was to clean up the town we billeted in:

And they thot we done it for fun.

I never thot that I would be

A street cleaner brave and bold,

Until I started cleaning up France,

In the sleet, the rain and the cold.

Now every time we'd hit a town

Whether large or small,

We'd grab our trusty spades and brooms

And then we'd hit the ball.

We cleaned their alleys, streets and barns,

And built miles of road "Over There",

Which was just a part of the cleanliness

That went on in France somewhere.

The French folks they would laugh at us,

No doubt they had ideas too;—

Of what our Democratic Government

Had sent us here to do.

And even at the port of embarkation

Before we sailed away,

We shoveled coal and piled up wood

Just twenty-four hours a day.

Yes, there was always lots of details,

And you'd get 'em night or day,

So doggone this "Old Detail Army"

Is all I've got to say.

—"*Buck Private*" McCollum.

Mustered Out

"What do you mean by Mustered Out?"

A rube asked me one day,

And I knew right away I had a bout

On my hands, with this misguided jay.

"Listen, old rube, wouldn't it be great,

To be in your civic clothes?

And to be once again in your own home
state,

Just as free as the wind that blows?"

Fort D. A. Russell I'll never forget,

And that long, long line waiting there,

'Twas then that I sang, "I'm not weary
yet,"

Then a voice called out somewhere.

My name? Why, yes, my name was called,

And I almost doubted my eyes,

When right up to that desk I stalled,

And saw what is called "A Surprise."

My discharge there, and bonus pay,

Lay right before my eye,

And I took them up in the same old way,

And salute? Well, no—not I.

Believe me boy, no grass had grown,

Beneath my feet after that,

For the train I wanted, her whistle had
blown,

And I lost, first hit off that bat.

But, hold on, Casey, it wasn't long,

Before we were on our way,

Discharged and paid, sure, sing a song,

"Good-bye, Mr. Rube, and good-day."

Private John Wesley Adams.

Mother

At the close of a spring day in Sable,
I sat in my room alone,
The sun was slowly sinking
And my thots turned back to home.

Thots of my dear old mother
And how much was hers to bear;
And in fancy I could see her
In the old familiar chair.

Always thinking of me,
And always praying, too;
Slowly, the truth dawned on me,
Of how much she had been thru.

Of the long, endless nights of waiting,
And those anxious days of pain;
Wishing, hoping and praying,
That her boy may return again.

—“Buck Private” McCollum.

Homeward Bound

As I stand on this transport here by the
rail,
Watching her plow thru the foam;
There's just one thing I can think about,
And that is, we're "Going Home."

Many is the time while at the front,
In some battle of raging Hell;
I'd lift my voice to the One above,
That He guide me home safe and well.

All the sweetness and joys of life
Are embodied in these two words,
"Homeward Bound," my, don't they sound
nice
When your heart's just as light as a
bird's?

And I, for one, as I stand here alone,
Thank my Maker above,
That I'm permitted to be "Homeward
Bound,"
To the ones I so dearly love.

—“Buck Private” McCollum.

Memorial

As we sit here in our billets,
In this land of giddy old France,
Where everything's quiet and there is no
fight,
It's the end of a real romance.

The guns no more crash out with a roar,
As they did not so long ago,
But still we think of the hell we drank,
From the cup of a bitter foe.

We're somewhat solemn as we march in
column,
Thinking of fallen comrades and their
loss,
But we must not weep as they peacefully
sleep,
Where we left them 'neath their cross.

Sometimes at night by the lone starlight,
And sometimes at break of day,
We bowed our heads and our prayers we
said,
As we packed our dead away.

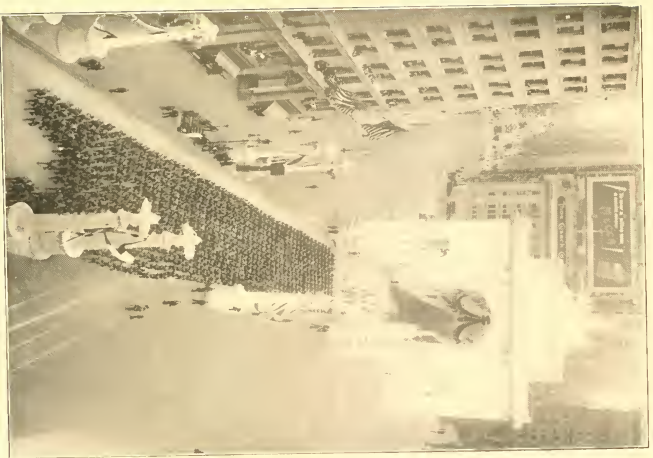
No tombstone marks their lonely grave,
No flowers did we place on their breast;
But we quietly raised a wooden cross,
And wished them peace and rest.

Now these lonely mounds on that sacred
ground,
For those lads who fell one by one,
Are marked with a cross that tells of their
loss,
And the day that their cross was won.

They were but boys the people say,
But they fought like men we know;
With their hands always clutched to their
guns,
And their faces toward the foe.

Now, this is our memorial,
To the memory of our dead,
Who died for the Land of Freedom,
On French battlefields so red.

Sergeant Randall



Our Last Parade
New York, N. Y., May 4th, 1919



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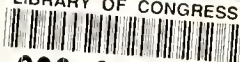


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